

Non-Prophets

"Cure"

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Don't deny that sick feeling in your stomach you can't
run from it
let it guide you into high view and move beyond the
summit
from peaks to valleys speed through alleys if it's done
quick
you'll have time to find the caves where the days are
never sunlit

find the scriptures made by a society of blind men
who suggest the best direction's where you most likely
will find them..
dead set on checkmates embracing a chess set
when bedspreads get wet they're left with the scent of
death threats

in 7 seconds I'll become undone, I'm breaking through
if you're around by the time I reach number one I'm
taking you
You're not the traveling type? Then hide your baggage
better
before you die a normal death and write the average
letter

about your internal furnace
and how life's a sexually transmitted disease that you
contracted from her kiss
when a boy writes off the world it's done with sloppy
misspelled words if
a girl writes off the world it's done in cursive

I'm searching for the cure
this is a sickness
can you hear me, love?

I kick dirt for what it's worth listening to the birds chirp
the same cryptic speech that the breeze speaks and
sea repeats
recognizing the cycles with every passing day
writing full demands in the sand with my toe til
crashing waves washed it away

I watch what I say now but I hate it
trying to make my mark, afraid of the dark nature of
vague statements
that plague vacant parking lots where shopping carts
go uncollected
that sick feeling in my stomach start to leave my heart
and soul infected

I won't accept it. I do my best to reject patterns til it
hurts
every second making bad turns for the worse
she's getting further away I can feel it in the way my
bones ache
The ocean sealed it's lips, now the waves won't break

The secrets it won't say has got us trying to break
codes in churches
and lately I've been hating its soul purpose
when a boy writes off the world it's done with sloppy
misspelled words if
a girl writes off the world it's done in cursive

I'm searching for the cure
this is a sickness
can you hear me, love?

Now I look for air pockets to pick, walk with a stick, start
picking locks with it
opening up heart-shaped lockets with little arguments
the tawdry trinkets start to split and contradict
those who say one thing but think the opposite

I bit the dust tongue kissing documents in a smoke
stack
faith is harder to swallow than pride it, turns our throats
black
I want my home back. I know that's not an available
option
it's the way that I'm walking in between a cradle and
coffin

that makes me pace myself. if half the battle is done
right
the other half won't take my health while jacking my
shadow's sunlight
to crack it open and find the space between my breaths
are desolate
life is just a lie with an "f" in it and death is definite

But after I scratched the surface

I never saw the calm before the storm act so nervous
when a boy writes off the world it's done with sloppy
misspelled words if
a girl writes off the world it's done in cursive

I'm searching for her
Can you hear me, love?
/]

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